Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES. EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1853. VOL. 1—NO. 10.

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Select Poetry.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Out o'er the Autumn lea,
The maples, noblest of our Northern woods,
Rise yonder up, in goodly altitudes,
Red-diademed, as western peaks at sunset be.

Under the spreading beech,
When the breeze passes like a mourner's sigh,
I hear as 'twere tears fall from sorrow's eye—
There squirrels glean their harvest-field with vaunty speech.

Fresh shrub, and time-seathed tree—
Young bride and dotage groom—are hymened fast,
By wilding grape, whose purple clusters last,
Display beneath a sere and russet canopy.

Uplooking here and there,
The gentian with its fringe of delicate blue,
Last of a beauteous, fragile race, I view,
Emblem of heavenly hope come forth from earth's despair.

Hushed their delicious song,
In council grouped upon the sumach bow,
Are birds whose breasts like the ripe berries glow,
Ready to plume the flitting wing for journeying long.

The mountain-wandery streams,
'Neath coverlet of crimson, gold, and brown,
O'erhanging trees have generously shed down,
Are lulling, yet with sobbings low, to wintry dreams.

A soft, cerulean haze,
In distance seeming liquid flowing skies,
On slope, and deepening in valley lies,
Through which, like veiled knight eyes, appear the sun's slant rays.

There is a glory 'round
Such as hath never been on canvas wrought:
And never into mystic rhythm brought;
Splendor, but not that lends the pulse a livelier bound.

For plainly, everywhere,
As once on kingly walls, is written doom!
This brightness is but torchlight at the tomb;
Or dying dolphin's hues, ephemeral as rare.

Ay, even while I stay,
The forest valiants bare them more and more,
To grapple with the foe, whose frigid roar
Comes o'er the hills as when a lion seeks his prey.

Tales and Sketches.

Dad's Experiment with Billy.

Less than a hundred miles from Syracuse, lives an old farmer, whose given name is Zury—a hard-working, honest old Englishman, owning a good farm of over a hundred acres, and two faithful boys, who have been brought up to wield the "agricultural implement,"—from one of these I have my story.

Old Zury had an old goat on the farm, who is not one of the most peaceably disposed creatures in the world and on this account the boys take no little delight in putting his lordship on his taps, once in a while, by way of amusement: for a long time the old man had noticed that when Billy came home at night he was completely covered with mud and water, and old Zury could not imagine how he should become so: so he determined, if possible, that he would find out the cause of poor Billy's daily misfortune.

One day he left the boys—to pick up the rakes, &c., after a hard day's work of haying—and walked around to the ridge, where Billy generally kept himself; it was about time for the goat to go to the house, but there he lay, quiet and dry; so old Zury seated himself behind a stump, determined to watch his movements, for that night, at any rate; he had not been there more than fifteen minutes, when who should he see coming along the ridge but the two boys; his first impulse was to tell them to keep back, but upon second thought, he said nothing.

"Take my load, Hank," said Dick; "it's my turn to take the feller to night."

Hank took Dick's lead from his back, and Dick going down the hill a little ways, soon showed himself within a few yards of where the goat was lying.

Billy had already caught a glimpse of the boys, and was soon on his feet. Hank laid flat on the ground, and Dick on the edge of the ridge, now presented a *full front*, which did not seem exactly to please his goatship, for he pointed for him, and down went Dick, to aggravate Billy to a still more desperate lunge: again the signal rose, and Billy jumped, but just as he got within a few feet, Dick lowered himself about two pegs, and Mr. Goat lowered himself about fifteen feet into a ditch of water. Hank had caught sight of a small corner of the old man's hat above the stump, and eloped for the barn, while Dick was not a little surprised at the sudden transformation of the old stump into a human being, and too, the old man, at fifteen paces, who, by the way, was not one of the most forbearing persons in the world: and as he looked around on the ground, Dick thinking that a club or stone might possibly be the object of his search, started on a keen jump for the barn. The old man made up his mind that the mystery was solved. That night Dick and Hank didn't come home to supper.

I thought I should not be able to hold myself together, as Hank related the surprise of old Zury and his son, as they stood face to face.

"But hold on," said he, "I haven't told you the best of it yet; about two weeks from that time, one day Dick and me had been working all day, and we made up our minds that we should find old dad bucked, for he hadn't been in the field at all in the afternoon, and he always kept a good barrel of ale in the cellar; but when we started who should we see but the old man edging around the ridge, so Dick and me went over that way. There was old dad, and there was the goat.

We laid flat on the ground anxious to know what the old man was going to do, when what was our surprise to see him take the exact position Dick had taken a couple of weeks before.

We said nothing for we hadn't seen any of that kind of sport in a long time; the old man presented rather a *formidable apperance*, but Billy, nothing daunted, pointed for the mark, the old man lowered, a little too late, for the goat took him "plump." We heard something strike in the mud, and it wasn't Billy, for he stood looking down over the ridge. Me and Dick pulled for the barn, and in a few minutes we saw old dad paddling for the house covered with mire from head to foot.

That night the old man was dressed up in his best clothes. I ventured to ask him if he was going over to see the Deacon.

"See the Deacon! no! Can't a man put on good clothes without going to see the Deacon?"

"Yes," said Dick, looking at the door: "can't a man go and see the goat, without tumbling in the mud?"

Dick was gone, and old dad looking at me, and then very significantly at a heavy wooden bootjack. I stepped out of the back door.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Early Marriages.

A great deal has been said and written about early marriages, and many sensible and experienced individuals have warmly recommended the custom. But, early marriages as understood by these persons, does not mean the marriage of children: a mistake into which so many in these days fall. The evils of these premature marriages are lasting and serious. They are well set forth in an article from the pen of a lady in a recent number of the Christian Examiner, from which we make an extract, for the special consideration of parents whose children are approaching a marriageable age, and for such young persons as are in foolish haste to enter the bonds of wedlock:

"The other question we would have urged upon the sex relates to early marriages. We leave to the physician—who, however, is never thought of in connection with such events—the whole matter of physical consequence. But the terrible result of a sure maternal incapacity for the moral training of a child, cannot be exaggerated. And she who at eighteen would be at all qualified for the full responsibilities of a mother, would be a more rare phenomenon than any in the annals of intellectual precocity.

"Repeatedly it has been our experience in tracing out the history of some fellow-creature singularly wayward, wrong headed, and perhaps wrong hearted, to find that this individual was the child of a child! The mother had been married under seventeen, and this had been her first-born! The mystery was solved. The infant had come into the world to be almost exclusively under the authority and management of one, who still needed several years of training before she was fit to rule anywhere. Wholly ignorant of human nature, her own character undeveloped her temper unsubdued her experience nothing, her childish dread of thought or care and the love of excitement still clinging to her, not yet sated with the pleasurse of mere girlhood, she had imagined that simply to be a mother, brought with it dignity and knowledge enough for the office. She had scarcely a vague idea of the solemn responsibilities of her new office, or conception of the cares with which that miraculous flower, the human soul, should be watched and tended in its unfolding. To her the infant was a charming plaything, a live doll to be dressed—or sometimes an annoyance and a burden.

"We feel more on this subject than we can express. We used to wonder as much as we dared wonder at anything, why fools were permitted to become mothers at all: till we observed how the children of very intellectual women were sometimes mismanaged, while those of worthy, untheorizing, even weak mothers, grew up in wisdom and goodness. But as a general rule, early marriages naturally and obviously must bring in o the community a set of beings, whose whole lives bear sad testimony to the experience, inefficiency, and fatal mistakes of the girl mother—to say nothing of the generally unreasonable, hasty, passionate severities of the boy father, elated with being already head of a family!"

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart! We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor will stay in our presence forever.—*Prentice.*

☞ "How rapidly they build houses now," said Cornelius the butcher to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a neat two-story house: "they commenced that building only last week, and they are already putting in the *lights*." "Yes," rejoined his friend, "next week they will put in the *liver*."

An Eccentric Character.

Mons. Brizzi, one of the most celebrated singers of the Theatre Italien, in Paris, lately died in Monaco at a very advanced age. He was not more famous for his talent than for the peculiarities of his character. The following anecdotes concerning him are not generally known:

One day a country musician, who had pestered him a great deal on several occasions, called at his house.

"Tell him that I am in bed," said Brizzi to his servant.

"Sir," replied his valet after having obeyed his orders, "the gentleman says he will stop till you get up."

"Tell him that I am very ill, then."

"If you please, sir, he says he knows two or three excellent remedies that will do a deal of good."

"Tell him that I am at the last grasp," and have no chance of recovery.

"He says that, if that is the case, sir, he cannot think of your dying without his taking leave of you."

"Say, I am already dead."

"If you please, sir, he says he should like to sprinkle your corpse with holy water."

"In that case," said Brizzi, whose stock of excuses was exhausted, "let him come in."

One evening, as he was playing at piquet with an individual of the name of Goussant, who was celebrated for his stupidity, Brizzi made a fault. He instantly perceived it, however, and exclaimed:

"Ah! how Goussant I am!"

"Sir," said Goussant, "you are a fool."

"Did I not say so?" asked Brizzi.

"No."

"Well, if I did not, I meant to do so."

One morning, as he was dressing, there were a great many persons, as usual, in his room. Suddenly he missed a very valuable watch, and complained of the loss. One of the company present immediately cried out:

"Shut the door, and let every one be searched."

"On the contrary," replied Brizzi, "as I do not wish to know the thief, I beg that you will all quit the room. The watch is a repeater, and if it happened to strike it would expose him."

Brizzi was generous to excess. He used actually to be obliged to give his servant his money to keep for him in order to preserve it from the numerous sharpers by whom he was almost always surrounded.

"Here, Joseph," said he, one day, pulling a handful of gold out of his pocket, "take care of that for me."

"Why do you not keep it yourself, sir?" said his servant.

"I think it will incommode me."

"It cannot do that, sir, in your coat pocket," replied Joseph.

"You are right," said Brizzi, "I will keep it, then."

But Brizzi was not destined to retain possession of the money in question very long. The manner in which he lost it is so very characteristic that we shall relate it.

One of his tradesmen, to whom he was rather deeply indebted having heard that he had received a hundred *louis d'or*, begged Joseph to prevail on Brizzi to pay his account. Joseph promised to speak to his master on the subject that same evening.

"Sir," said he, "Father Michot has sent in his small bill this morning, and if you would have the kindness to pay it——"

"Alas!" replied Brizzi, in a melancholy tone, "you have come too late, my poor Joseph. I have no money left."

"How have you spent it, sir?"

"I have not spent it!"

"Then you have lost it at play?"

"I never play my faithful Joseph—I am not rich enough for that."

"Ah! I see it all," cried his servant. "Have you not just left your friend, the Chevalier de T——?"

"Yes."

"He has taken your money?"

"Without doubt, he has," replied Brizzi, with a sigh. "The poor fellow told me that he had not got a rap, so I left him have what he wanted. To tell the truth, he has not left me a single stiver. You see, Joseph, you are too late. Why the devil did you refuse to take charge of my money for me this morning!"

A HOOSIER'S DESCRIPTION OF A DINNER AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.—I met upon the train an elderly Hoosier, who had been to the show case exhibition at New York, and who had also seen the *Hi poi-ro-me*, as he called it.

"Did you remain long in New York?" I asked him.

"Well, no," answered he, thoughtfully, "only two days, for I saw there was a right smart chance of starving to death, and I'm opposed to that way of going down. I put up at one of their taverns, and I allowed I was going to be treated to the whole."

"Where did you stop?" said I, interrupting him.

"At the *Ashstore* House! I allow you don't ketch me to no such place again'. They rung a *gone*, as they called it, four times afore breakfast, and then, when I went in to eat, there wan't nerry vittles on the table!"

"What *was* there?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well," said the old man, enumerating the items cautiously, as if from fear of omission, "there was a clean plate—wrong side up—a knife, a clean towel, a split spoon, and a handbill! and what's worse," added my companion, "the insultin' nigger up and asked me what I wanted. 'Vittles,' says I, 'bring in yer vittles, and I'll help myself!'"

Fast Printing Press.

We learn from the New York *Tribune* that Mr. Victor Beaumont of New York has invented a printing press which, at moderate rate, will deliver *thirty thousand* sheets printed on both sides in single a hour. Its movement combines the original principles of Napier, which are applied by Hoe in his great press, with some new and beautifully simple arrangements and devices of the inventor. It has a large central cylinder like the Hoe press, on which are fastened the forms for both sides of the sheet to be printed. The type held fast by Hoe's patent column rules. The paper used is a continuous strip or band, dispensing with men to feed the sepera e sheets as in other power presses. This strip or band Mr. Beaumont arranges very ingeniously: he avoids the inconvenience inseparable from having it in the form of a roll, by laying it in a pile, folded backward and forward like a piece of broadcloth: one end of this pile is put into the press, which draws its own supply without tearing or straining the paper till the whole sheet has passed through. As their are no feeders, room is obtained for additional printing cylinders: a moderate sized press will have twelve of these, and will require three hands to run it two of them being employed in carrying and looking af er the paper. Each twelve cylinder press will work four of these continuous sheets at a time, or one to each three of its cylinders. Each sheet will pass twice through: at its first pssage one of its sides will be entirely printed, the forms of the newspaper being impressed on it alternately. As it comes out the machine lays it back again in the same sort of a pile, and then carries it to the proper spot for it to be taken up and passed through a second time, which prints the sides left blank before. Then the machine passes it along to the knives which cut the sheet apart, while another contrivance puts them in neat piles ready for the carriers. Those knives are very ingenious. A serious difficulty has been experienced in other machines designed to a continuous sheet, from the fact that an ordinary knife cannot be relied on to cut paper which is wet enough for printing. This inconvenience Mr. Beaumont obviates by making his serrated, or saw-shaped knives with long and acute teeth, which easily pierce the paper, and once having obtained an entrance, the cutting is completed in an instant.

A Profitable Post.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Evening Times*, among other items of interest, gives the following:—

"Next to the berth of British Ambassador at Paris, I suppose that the post of correspondent to the London *Times* is most to be desired. Let me rehearse a few of the immunities and privileges of that individual. His salary is £5 000 a year. He has a handsome suite of rooms furnished and paid for by the paper. He has two clerks constantly in his employ, who read the French journals, translate, collate, cut out items from *Galignani*, and add their eyes, invention, experience and observation to his. These gentlemen are paid by the *Times*, of course. The correspondent buys and charges to the paper any books of which he may stand in need—and the library is a very choice and complete collection of standard authors, cyclopedias, dictionaries, and other books of reference. He is empowered to pay for any important intelligence, just what it may cost. When the Post Office closes early, to the infinite annoyance of all us correspondents of low degree, he writes on merrily till sunset, and then hires a man to jump into the 7 o'clock train and take his letter to London! The *Times* pays the bill. Besides all this, his position is such that a great many things come to him, without his giving himself the trouble to go to them. Thus, a proclamation of Henry V. disires to see the light. M. Berryer sends it to the correspondent of the London *Times*, who gives it to one of his clerks to translate. All the other correspondents, when they see it in print, throw up their hands, and wonder how the man knew there was such a proclamation in existence, and where he went to get it. In short, it is a great thing to represent the London *Times* in Paris. To be able to say you are the Russian Ambassador, is one thing: to be forced to confess you are the Envoy from Venezuela, is another. To stand up and say you are correspondent of the *Times*, is to locate yourself between the two, and rather nearer the top than the foot of the column."

Leaf From a Lady's Journal.

A lady sends us a leaf from her journal, from which we make a single extract, descriptive of an every day character:—

"JANUARY 23.—This has been a long day to me. My good neighbor, Mrs. P., has been with me, this afternoon, and it required such an effort on my part to entertain her. She is a well disposed woman, and I like her, only there are so few subjects upon which she will talk. She is fond of going to market, and likes to tell what she saw there. She was describing a new kind of vegetable that she saw: it had a sort of twisted appearance, and was *powerful* tender. Then she bought some butter, which was *powerful* sweet. She confessed, though, that she saw some at a higher price, which was *powerful* strong. This unlucky word is always upon her tongue. The babe has a cold and coughs *powerful*, while she was kept awake during the night, and felt *powerful* weak this morning. L."

☞ "A certain Chief Justice, now no more, was once holding court in East Cambridge. The bar was crowded with lawyers waiting for the calling of the docket, and the Judge, being determined to be facetious, produced a miserable pun—the bar, as in duty bound, raising a great shout of laughter, which roused the venerable Sheriff from his slumbers. "Order!" cried he, rapping his desk. "Silence in Court—*there's nothing to laugh at!*"

Napier and the Indian Swordsman.

We give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword, as well as of Napier's simplicity of character.—After the Indian battles, on one occasion, a famous juggler visited the camp, and performed his feats before the General, his family and staff. Among his performances, this man cut in two with a stroke of his sword a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant.

Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword on a man's hand so small an object without touching the flesh, he dispensing with men to feed the sepera e sheets as in other power presses. This strip or band Mr. Beaumont arranges very ingeniously: he avoids the inconvenience inseparable from having it in the form of a roll, by laying it in a pile, folded backward and forward like a piece of broadcloth: one end of this pile is put into the press, which draws its own supply without tearing or straining the paper till the whole sheet has passed through. As their are no feeders, room is obtained for additional printing cylinders: a moderate sized press will have twelve of these, and will require three hands to run it two of them being employed in carrying and looking af er the paper. Each twelve cylinder press will work four of these continuous sheets at a time, or one to each three of its cylinders. Each sheet will pass twice through: at its first pssage one of its sides will be entirely printed, the forms of the newspaper being impressed on it alternately. As it comes out the machine lays it back again in the same sort of a pile, and then carries it to the proper spot for it to be taken up and passed through a second time, which prints the sides left blank before. Then the machine passes it along to the knives which cut the sheet apart, while another contrivance puts them in neat piles ready for the carriers. Those knives are very ingenious. A serious difficulty has been experienced in other machines designed to a continuous sheet, from the fact that an ordinary knife cannot be relied on to cut paper which is wet enough for printing. This inconvenience Mr. Beaumont obviates by making his serrated, or saw-shaped knives with long and acute teeth, which easily pierce the paper, and once having obtained an entrance, the cutting is completed in an instant.

To determine the point, the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial.

"I thought I would find out!" exclaimed Napier.

"But stop," added the other, "let me see your left hand."

The left hand was submitted, and the man then said firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady I will perform the feat."

"But why the left hand and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb: the left is high, and the danger will be less. Napier was startled.

"I got frightened," he said: "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand and set out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it; and so much," he added, "for the brave swordsmen of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Mecanee."

This anecdote is certainly a proof of the sincerity of an honest mind, ready to acknowledge error, and of bravery and calmness in expiating that error.

The Dishonest Convert.

Upon a certain occasion, a man called on him with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle. Friend Hopper put it away, saying he would examine it and attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole, if that sum were advanced. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date and circumstances of the transaction: stating that a due bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found. When the man called again for payment, Isaac said to him in a quiet way, "Friend Jones, I understand thou hast become pious lately."

He replied in a solemn tone: "Yes, thanks to the Lord Jesus, I have found out the way of salvation."

"And thou hast been dipped, I hear," continued the Quaker. "Dost thou know James Hunter?"

Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative.

"Well, he also was dipped some time ago," rejoined Friend Hopper: "but his neighbors say they didn't get the crown of his head under water. The devil crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy within him ever since. I am afraid they didn't get *thee* quite under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again."

As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.—"*Isaac T. Hopper, A True Life*," by *Mrs. Child.*

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.—The Petersburg (Va) *Democrat* relates a very interesting anecdote of a little boy of that city, who having recently lost his father, found himself debarred thereby from attending schools as formerly, and in the fullness of faith, determined to seek the wherewithal at that footstool to which he had doubtless been taught to look for other and higher blessings. The *Democrat* says 'in the simplicity of his heart he sat down and gravely wrote a letter to his Redeemer, thinking perhaps that so formal a mode of preferring his request would meet with greater attention. What was the surprise of the Postmaster, WM M. FRIEND, Esq, on discovering among the contents of his mail lately a missive directed to "Jesus Christ!" Opening it he read the story of the boy's wants, and, with a noble kindness, he deposited in an envelope the amount required, and directed it to the young supplicant. We have never heard a story that in so short a compass contains a more instructive and interesting lesson. It combines a singularly felicitious union of fine illustration of the great pillars of religion, Faith, Hope and Charity, and would not wish to know the man who could hear this 'plain unvarnished tail' without feeling himself and his kind ennobled by the recital."

☞ A boy went up to a countryman yesterday, and putting on a long face, began to beg for alms. The kind hearted countryman pulled out a shilling, and gave it to the young rascal, who expended it on fire-crackers. Soon after, the object of his charity was met at another part of the street. "Didn't you say you wanted money to buy provisions?" asked Charity. "Yes, sir, *crackers are provisions.*"

Curiosities of Puritan History.

Some of the "Curiosities" copied from the MS. Records of the General Court of Massachusetts, and published in Putnam's last, are rather amusing. For instance—

"The Corte thinke it convenient yt order be given to ye Auditor to send 12 gallons of sack & 6 gallons of white wine, as a small testimony of ye Courts respect, to yt reverend Assembly of Elders at Cambridge."—Vol. 2. 66, 1644.

Just think of a legislative assembly sending, by way of compliment, a keg of whiskey to a convention of ministers! And yet our good fathers, though they honored the custom of drinking, did not honor the drunkard. They put the mark of the beast upon him, and held him up unto public shame.

"Is ordered that Robte Coles, for drunkenness by him committed at Roxbury shall be disfranchised wear about his necke & so to hang upon his outward garmt, a D made of redd cloth & sett upon white, to contynnue this for a yeare, and not to leave it of att any tyme when hes come amongst company under penalty," &c.—Vol. 1. 108. 1633.

Profane swearers received even a more painful punishment.

Elizabeth, the wife of Thomas Applgate, was censured to stand with her tongue in a cleft stick, "for swearing, railing, and revileing."—Vol. 1. 178, 1636.

Quacks were not by any means permitted the "full swing" they now enjoy.

"Nich: Knopp is fyned Vl., for takeing upon him to cure the scurvy by a water of noe worth nor value, which he solde att a very dear rate, to be imprisoned till hee pay his ffyne or give securytie for it, or els to be whipped, and shall be lyable to any mans accont of whome hee hath receaved money for the sd. water."—Vol. 1. 57, 1630.

Nor were bakers permitted to cheat in the weight of their bread.

"John Stone and his wife were admonished to make bigger bread, and to take heed of offending by makeing too little bred hereafter."

History of Coal.

Bituminous coal, or sea coal was known upwards of a thousand years ago, in the year of our Lord 853, but did not come into use before the 16th century, and was not used in the manufacture of iron until the 17th century.

Anthracite coal came gradually into use so late as the 19th century. So early as 1790, anthracite coal was known to abound in the county of Schuylkill, in the State of Pennsylvania: but it being a different quality from that known as sea or bituminous coal, and being hard of ignition, it was deemed worthless until the year 1792, when a blacksmith of Pennsylvania, named Whetsion, brought it into notice. His success in burning it caused people to dig for it, but when found, every person connected with the enterprise had to experiment on its combustion, and vain were the attempts to burn it by the majority of them, and all came to the conclusion that it would not come into general use.

About the year 1800, Mr. Morris, who had a large tract of land in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, procured a quantity of coal therefrom, and took it to Philadelphia city, but he was unable, with all his heroic exertions, to bring it into notice, and abandoned his plans. From that time until 1805 it was talked of as a humbug: when accidentally a bed of coal was found in digging a race for a water wheel for a forge, which induced another blacksmith, David Berlin, to make a trial of it. His success induced others to try to burn Pennsylvania coal.

WORSHIP OF NATURE.—Willis, in his pleasant, rambling letters from "Idlewild," indulges in this pleasant fancy:—"October's first Sunday seemed to be a celebration of High Mass out of doors. Our mountain galleried temple with its ten mile floor was decorated by the first frost; and the three glens which traverse it were like three aisles carpeted with rainbows. Stillness, brightness, purity and all, it seemed to me I had never seen a morning with more Sabbath in it.—By common consent, the winds seem excluded from these open-air services. It is only when they are hushed that Nature seems devout. But the streams played their varying chant—Idlewild (perhaps because a new-born daughter of mine was cradled among its leaves) the loudest voluntary of all. The Moodna, descending more gradually to the Hudson, is the *basso* of this Highland choir: and Silverbrook, on the other side of our own wildest and most precipitous torrent of all, is the slender-voiced and less constant *soprano*. I listened to each in turn, with slacked bridle, on Sunday morning. If there was any other sound in the wide world it was no interruption to the hymning trio, and the vibrations of their music, amid the light and incense of the sunshine and leaves, seemed to have meaning without words—a worship of God inarticulate but eloquent."

☞ MAN.—Man is like a snow ball.—Leave him in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like fresh butter in hot days; but kick him around, and he gathers his strength with every revolution until he grows to an avalanche. To make a figure in the world, you must keep moving.

☞ Old Squire B——— was elected Judge of the inferior Court of some county in Georgia. When he went home his delighted wife exclaimed—

"Now, my dear, you are Judge, what am I?, 'The same darned fool you allers was,' was the tart reply.

☞ A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."